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MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO
Vol. 41 July — September 1951 No. 3

"Oh, matchless honor, all unsought,
High privilege surpassing thought,
That thou shouldst call me, Lord, to be
Linked in work-fellowship with Thee;
To carry out Thy wondrous plan,
To bear Thy messages to man;
In trust with Christ's own word of grace
To every soul of human race."

MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

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Ruth V. Warner, Editor

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VISION

Gertrude Arbogast

"....And now to be a Missionary Christian these are necessary — a prayerful heart, a surrendered life, a VISION, these three, with others, but one of the greatest is Vision".

—Anonymous.

A prayerful heart, a surrendered life, a VISION, these three reveal the spiritual stature of our friend and colaborer of many years, Ethel Thomas.

These essential Christian qualities account for the spiritual victories won in Miss Thomas' own life, and in the lives of the many young students who came under her ministry and teaching in the Industrial School and Hostel in Mexico City.

Her prayerful heart became a burdened heart for the spiritual welfare of every boarding student, and the giving out of the message of Christ's redeeming love and power was a "must" with Miss Thomas. She prayed and she planned, and as rich a spiritual diet as the law would permit Miss Thomas provided in generous measure for her "family." Girls who came with an Evangelical inheritance were always encouraged to be good witnesses of the reason of their faith;

and all others were given ample opportunity to know Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of their souls, through the reading of His word or the singing of the Message in song. Sunday vesper services were planned with the assistance of the girls, and speakers were invited who purposed to clear up many of their doubts and questions, and lead them to a personal experience of Christ. Miss Thomas never failed to place in the hands of a new convert or an interested inquirer a copy of the Word that she could call her own and find for herself that Jesus is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and that no man cometh to the Father except by Him.

Miss Thomas' vision was in response to God's call to every Christian missionary: "Go ye. . . . and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Miss Thomas has done a praiseworthy job and has set a good example for those who continue the seed sowing she began. We thank God for her rich and rewarding ministry, much of which already has borne abundant fruit.

> "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receives the early and the latter rain" (James 5:7).

Yesterday — He loved me!
Today — He's just the same!
How long will this continue?
For ever! Praise His name!

Snapshots of Miss Thomas

Orlene McKimmey.

"She is the only person I have ever known who never thinks of herself." Thus spoke a University Student who had lived for four years in the Home that Miss Thomas directed.

If that were the only saintly characteristic of Miss Thomas it would be sufficient unto itself. By far the busiest person I have ever known, she never says, "I am too busy"; the hardest worker, "I am tired" never crosses her lips. For a long time, I simply thought we lived in two different physical worlds. I who am always sleepy, had supposed Miss Thomas never experienced the drowsiness I always feel the first two hours of every morning. But one day, she was recounting her morning errands and said that she had gotten so sleepy that she parked on one of the busiest streets and slept soundly for ten minutes.

Surprised, I said, "But, Miss Thomas, I thought you never got sleepy."

Wherupon she replied, "Orlene, I'm always sleepy."

Yet I have never known her to utter a word of complaint. Truly, she never thinks of self.

——o O o——

No Mexican enters our Home and inquires about Miss Thomas without remarking, "She is certainly a hard worker."

A pastor tells the story of how he found her scrubbing the floors of the church and his fear of entering lest he be put to "hard labor."

"Miss Thomas and her rock pile" are famous among our girls; for, daily, as punishment or diversion she would have groups out on the farm helping her pick up stones.

We have not yet found a substitute for this work!

—o O o—

"Faith, hope, and charity — these three...."

To attend to one business matter three times a week for two and a half years without becoming cynical, disillusioned, or at least impatient requires a superabundance of "These Three", plus a good dash of humor. Possessing them all, Miss Thomas came out victoriously when everyone thought she could not succeed.

—o O o—

An album of snapshots of Miss Thomas would not be complete without a picture or two of "Tommie (as her friends call her) and the Cops."

No one has ever had such success in evading traffic tickets, I am quite sure. The time she ran a stop signal and the policeman insisted on giving her a ticket. She declared she had no time for such a procedure and it he wanted to give her one he would have to get in the car with her. The poor "cop" found himself several blocks away from his post when he came to sufficiently to ask where she was taking him. Imagine his surprise to learn that he was on the way to the dressmaker's.

Miss Thomas herself admits that she is the only one who can straighten her hat with both hands and turn a corner at the same time! Her chauffeur experiences alone could fill an entire volume.

There are far too many pictures to show when one collects them daily over a period of five years, and it is necessary to omit even some of the most important ones. I have tried to show Miss Thomas — the dedicated, the faithful, the chauffeur, but above all she is a friend:

A friend to her girls and a friend to her co-workers, understanding and loyal in spite of our weaknesses. I have watched former students return, remembering her birthday, seeking her counsel, bringing their children so that they, too, might be under her loving guidance.

——o O o——

I am one of the fortunates.

To work with Miss Thomas is an experience and an education taught by example. There was never a note of condescension in word or act, although surely I must have acted the young, inexperienced missionary many times. There was never interference nor reproach, and of course, it must have taken all her will power as she would see me fumble and err. Yet, I felt secure knowing she would support me when I needed it, guide me when I asked, and always sustain me with her prayers. Surely it takes a great person to turn over her life's work with loving faith to less capable hands. But then Miss Thomas is a great person.

A young man whom we shall call Rafael works as a volunteer in one of our country churches. One day in telling a Bible story he got his facts mixed up and had to admit it. After the service a tiny boy came up to shake hands with Rafael and said solemnly:

"Brother, may the Lord help you."

FORWARD!

Extract of Report Presented to Council of Cooperation by Bishop Eleazar Guerra.

I wish to express my deep gratitude to all of you for having cooperated with me during the last four years. Today, at the beginning of a new quadrennium, with new opportunities for doing work of greater spiritual scope, we come to ask for divine grace and continued cooperation. Difficult problems have been solved in the past, thanks to Christian understanding and faith. We trust that for the future we may have clear discernment and divinely inspired ideals as we face the tremendous conflicts that press upon us.

The intense activity of our Church has been due to two important reasons: Radiant Evangelism and the Building Program.

In the building and remodeling of churches, parsonages, and other stuctures God has granted us victory, for in the last four years we were able to construct or begin, at least, 79 edifices at a cost of $ 2,456.000 pesos. In our program of Evangelism, we won many new people so that at present our Methodist Church of Mexico has a few more than 28,000 members. The economic growth of our Church has been 500%. We are deeply grateful to God for these results.

We are sure that the chief task of the Church of Christ on earth is that of winning souls to Him. It is the task of the pastor, the task of the member, the task of everyone who believes in Jesus. Christ commanded us: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Our General Conference has just passed legislation creating the position of Secretary of Evangelism, and has named to that office Rev. Nelson Velasco who has begun the preliminary work of forming a plan for true evangelism to include all groups of the church.

The Roman Catholic Church has intensified its activities and has achieved an almost complete ascendency over the government of Mexico. For the first time a Catholic ambassador has been sent to our country by the United States. The Catholic Church begins to talk about the relations of Church and State, to the point of getting men in politics, industry, and business to bow the knee before the Archbishop as a sign of submission and obedience. Therefore, our first point in the Plan of Action of the Church is EVANGELISM.

Would that we had the resources necessary in order to send out 100 new preachers and build 100 new churches in different parts of the Republic. We could not only double but multiply many times the gain in members. In order to strengthen the Church we must not spare efforts to get a larger number of ministerial students. At. present we have 55 young men and women studying for the ministry. The Missouri Conference is raising a fund for the construction of new buildings for our Centro Evangélico Unido in Mexico. This should strengthen our Church by bringing in new workers to help us gain ground more rapidly.

We are dreaming that this is the hour of opportunity for founding a Methodist University in Mexico. In the 75 years of existence of Evangelical work in Mexico and Latin America no evangelical university has been established. The government is ready to share the management of education with the Catholic Church. Therefore, we are thinking about a university of our own. Will the Methodist Church be deaf to our cry or respond with love?

We cannot stop half way. We must go ahead with the building of new churches. Mexico City alone needs at least

15 churches in suburbs of the city, not expensive buildings but chapels which would serve our brethren in outlying sections. Because of the impossibility of attending our centrally located churches many of them join other denominations in their sections of the city. These chapels would cost about $ 2,500 dollars each.

Later, we must build churches in at least eleven other cities. These church buildings are now indispensable, for we have established congregations in each of these places. If we can construct edifices, the congregations will grow rapidly. And what about Social Centers and dispensaries? They are as important as the other buildings, and we hope to do good work in this line, also.

The future of our church, the preparation of new generations, depends, also, upon our educational institutions This is the opportune time to strengthen them. The Catholic Church is rapidly regaining its ascendency, its most conspicuous advances being in the field of education. One needs only note how they have openly established universities, technical and preparatory schools and seminaries — no one can deny the facts. What was formerly deemed impossible — that priests should openly teach in the schools — is now a reality, with the names of many priests on the faculty lists. There have been public demonstrations to bring about the revocation of Article 3 of the Constitution.

In spite of all this, the Senators and Deputies are willing to so change the law as to leave education entirely free from the limitations imposed by the government. Then, too, the government itself has encouraged private initiative in the construction of private schools, We are sure that these changes will strengthen our own institutions.

God has given us a body of loyal and noble school principals who have dedicated their lives to the upbuilding

of these institutions, in some cases at the cost of great suffering. This is the hour to reenforce our educational institutions.

All our efforts will be useless if we do not lay hold on the power and victory that come from God. We invite the members of this Council of Cooperation who represent the two Churches and the vital forces of our institutions to begin this new quadrennium in a spirit of humility and devotion that we may dedicate all our strength to the spiritual growth of our Church. Let us lift up our eyes and ask the Almighty to be with us now and always.

"There is but a Step Between me and Death"

Central Conference has been deeply moved by the death of three prominent Methodists within less than a month.

Brother Emilio Espino of Pachuca, a layman who gave effective testimony to Christ's transforming power in his life, was called away after a brief illness. One of the ministers who spoke eloquently at his funeral was Rev. Ernesto M. Villasana.

At noon next day, in his home, death instantly ended the faithful ministry of Brother Villasana, one of the most talented preachers of the Methodist Church of Mexico. The news spread by word of mouth until, by night, Balderas St. church was entirely filled for an unannounced service. There were men who wept, and several people gave public testimony of what their pastor had meant to them. The funeral service and the memorial service which followed on successive days were crowded with those who thus paid tribute to one who had devoted his life and energies to preaching the Gospel and befriending his parishioners.

Dr. Eucario M. Sein, a retired minister beloved of all, wrote an article in memory of Brother Villasana, but before it was published, he, too, had entered into Life. While he was holding evangelistic services during Passion Week in a village, the summons came. The brethren stood about his bed singing his favorite hymns. While they sang, "Voy al cielo" (I'm going to heaven), he slipped away in time to spend Easter there with his Lord. Our churches will continue to miss his buoyant spirit and his enthusiastic singing of his "theme song" — "Onward, Christan Soldiers."

The Assumption of Mary

Rolando Zapata O.

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

THE CROWNING OF MARIOLATRY

In the city of seven hills (Re. 17:9), amid pagan splendor, the usurping "vicar of Christ", the "infallible" Pope proclaimed the dogma of the assumption: that the Virgin Mary rose the third day from her stupor, or apparent death, and was taken to heaven in body and soul, and there she not only sees God face to face, but is the queen of heaven and the most effective mediator of salvation.

With this dogma Romanism perfects and completes the idolatrous worship it offers to the Virgin Mary — not to the authentic and blessed young woman of the Holy Scriptures

but to an aprocryphal demigoddess of its own invention. This new dogma is the natural culmination of Romanism, the heart of which is Mariolatry, both in its spurious doctrine and its sacrilegious worship.

ORIGIN OF MARIOLATRY

The beginning of the idolatrous cult of the Virgin Mary is found in the superstitions of certain fanatics of the Fourth Century who rejected the divine revelation of the Bible in order to follow their own erroneous ideas, worshiping her as though she were a pagan deity similar to the goddess Cybele, mother of the principal gods of the Greeks and Romans, calling her the great mother of the Gods and queen of heaven, and offering her cakes in the fashion of the idolaters condemned by Jeremiah (Jc. 7:18; cf. 44:19, 25). This is the deep rooted tendency of man, perverted as he is and misled by Satanic error, to take from God the worship due only to Him and give it to one of His creatures, dressing it up plausibly with divine perfection (cf. 1 Ti. 4:1. 2 Ti. 4:3. Jude 17, 18).

DEVELOPMENT OF MARIOLATRY

The idolatrous cult of the Virgin Mary has passed through three progressive stages:

1. PERPETUAL VIRGINITY. This idea, which was in circulation before the Third Century, spread because of the undue exaltación of celibacy, and the rise of monasticism as the supreme ideal of Christian piety. Even at the beginning of the Third Century Tertullian maintained that "the brethren of Jesus" mentioned in the Gospels were younger children of Joseph and Mary. Up to that time there had prevailed the Biblical doctrine of the virginity of the mother of Jesus: that she was a virgin before conception (Lu. 1:27), that she conceived as a virgin (Lu. 1:34), that she was a virgin during

the period of gestation (Mt. 1:18), and that she gave birth as a virgin (Mt. 1:23; cf. Is. 7:14) – this and nothing more. But, given the morbid environment which mistakenly identified virginity with sanctity, divine truth was rejected in order to follow human traditon.

2. SINLESSNESS. This idea came as a natural corolary of the previous one. Since she was THE Virgin, holiness was atributed to her. This doctrine spread rapidly; so by the beginning of the Fifth Century it was generally postulated that the Virgin Mary had been free from all "actual" or committed sin. The third Church Council, in 431, gave the Virgin the official title of "mother of God." The fourth and last ecumenical Council, in 451, ratified the title "mother of God" but emphatically added "as to his humanity." The Virgin Mary was the mother not only of the human NATURE of Jesus of Nazareth but of the divine-human PERSON of Jesus Christ: mother, not of the eternal Word but of the incarnate Word, God made man in a single person. This Christian doctrine is faithful to the Scriptures; to corroborate it one needs only to note that the New Testament calls her "mother of Jesus" (Ac. 1:14) and "the mother of my Lord" (Lu. 1:43). On the other hand, to call her "mother of God" without any qualification is equivalent to accepting the pagan idea, both blasphemous and contradictory, that the eternal, uncreated God could be born in time. Moreover, once officially recognized, this title permitted Mariolatry to run riot.

3. THE INMACULATE CONCEPTION. This idea arose as a natural consequence of the concept of sinlessness. If the Virgin was sanctified from her mother's womb, as this doctrine asserted, then she was sanctified from the moment of conception so that she was free not only from "actual" or committed sin, but also was conceived in virginity without taint of original sin. There were opposing voices but these

voices of protest within Romanism were suffocated by the violence and astuteness of the Jesuits. With the decline of independent thought, papal absolutism prevailed. Finally, with the pomp and deceit characteristic of Romanism, the Pope, on December 8, 1854, proclaimed the dogma of the inmaculate conception.

There was lacking now only the pinnacle of the structure of Mariolatry, and Pope Pius XII has just set it in place: the dogma of the assumption. Once the immaculate conception was recognized, there was nothing further to impede the promulgation of this last dogma. As usual, they rejected the Scriptures and appealed to tradition. Indeed, the feast of the assumption is more ancient than that of the immaculate conception, having originated in the Fifth or Sixth Century. The wonder is that they had so long delayed the proclamation of the dogma of the assumption.

THE GOSPEL AND MARIOLATRY

Really, Romanism is the Church of the Virgin Mary — not of the true Virgin but of the apocryphal Virgin of tradition. This false demigoddess usurps the worship due to God alone.

She is superior to all the saints and all the angels. According to the litanies of the holy Virgin, she is the queen of the angels, of the patriarchs, of the prophets, of the apostles, of the martyrs, of the confessors, of the virgins, and of all the saints. About her name gathers a mass of legends and superstitions, all of them spurious and blasphemous.

But the point at which Roman fanaticism runs into crass idolatry is in robbing the Lord Jesus of His character of unique and sufficient mediator between God and men (1 Ti. 2:5) and setting up Mary as the most efficient intermediary of salvation. She is the omnipotent intercessor, and the inexhaustible fountain of all grace.

One needs only to consult THE GLORIES OF MARY, by Alfonso Maria Ligorio, approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities, to prove that the sacrilegious cult of Mary displaces that of Jesus Christ: she is "our life", "the hope of sinners," "the powerful advocate to save all," and "the peacemaker between sinners and God."

For every church dedicated to our Lord Jesus Christ, there are ten dedicated to Mary. For every religious festival in honor of the Son of God, there are twenty festivals which celebrate the perfections and excellencies of Mary. And she virtually usurps the place of the Holy Spirit, for she is recognized as the sufficient mediator between Christ and the sinner.

This idolatry reaches the height of blasphemy and sacrilege in robbing God of the divine worship which is due to Him alone. Prayer is addressed to her much more frequently than to God: for each paternoster and Gloria Patri of the rosary, there are ten Ave Marias. She is invoked on every occasion. If she listens to all the supplications and invocations which are made to her day by day, hour by hour, by millions of Catholics in all parts of the world, then she possesses the divine attributes of omnipresence and omniscience. She is the object of the tenderest love, of the most ardent devotion, of the firmest hope, of the greatest faith — all at the expense of God!

The Gospel recognizes Mary as "blessed among women," and calls her "blessed" (Lu. 1:42, 28); it treats her with respect and affection as the Virgin Mother of our Lord and Savior. But it does not give her homage nor worship which would detract from the divine majesty of God. The Gospel is the religion of the spirit, and therefore rejects all superstition and fanaticism as incompatible with the will of God.

Romanism stands or falls on the issues of Mariolatry and papal infallibility. The Gospel stands or falls on the worship of Christ as the only and sufficient Mediator between

God and men, and on the Bible as the sole rule of faith and practice. Rome is a false, idolatrous, mercenary church. The Gospel is the truth revealed by God; it is worship in spirit and truth; it is the life of holiness. Romanism is the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary. The Gospel is the true religion of Jesus Christ the Savior.

—Condensed from *EL EVANGELISTA MEXICANO.*

THE TESTIMONY OF A YOUNG MATRON

In November of 1937 the Lord saved me, and the life He's given me has really been wonderful. It is a long time ago, isn't it?

When I remember what I used to be and the life and light He brought me into, I DO thank Him with all my heart, "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." You scarcely feel anything but His love, isn't it so?

Thank you so much for the part you had in my conversion.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next. — Young.

¡Hasta Luego!

Marina Gómez C.

To begin in the good old style: It was early in the Year of our Lord 1919 when Miss Ethel Thomas arrived in the noble and loyal City of the Palaces (Mexico City). She came, as had many other self-denying women before her, to dedicate her good will and energies to Mexican girls.

She first served in the former Sarah L. Keen school, but being a woman of initiative and activity, she felt, after a year, that God was calling her to a more difficult task. So she began work in the old Industrial School to which she devoted all her energies until just recently when she left for her native land after 31 years of service in our country.

Miss Thomas is a many-sided person. She could direct the educational work, or manage the farm which provided, for the institution, a good share of its living. From the cows and garden the students received the wholesome food which contributed to good health. Moreover, Miss Thomas gave special attention to the moral education of the girls under her guardianship. She and Miss Sara Alarcón understood each other so well that they gave the institution a prestige which it still enjoys.

Unfortunately time marches inexorably on, and Miss Thomas has had to leave us to devote herself to other activities, for a person like her could never be inactive.

We thank God for having let us have her for so many years. As we separated, we only said, "Hasta luego" (I'll be seeing you!), for surely we shall see her again in this land that she loved. But, if God should not grant us this privilege, then we shall see each other when this world's shadows shall have become glorious eternal realities.

Ford Anecdotes

Ethel Thomas

It seems scarcely fair to launch into stories of automobiles with no mention of the humbler means of conveyance that for the first ten years of the life of the Industrial School had served well the cause of learning. There was always the humble burro by the side of which we walked, together with the "boy", to and from market, the going pleasant enough in the early morning but not so the return in the heat with the less perishable supplies for the week. Besides a burden on his back the boy would be carrying another on his head from which there came a trickle of tomato juice to adorn one cheek and of egg for the other. Rosetta Rodgers, who followed our pioneer, Vernice Gelvin, as our second principal, or the writer, carried a basket of choice purchases designed for entertaining a chance guest who might be beguiled into walking the distance that lay between Mexico City and our lone estate.

For state occasions there was a light wagon with a canopy that met an inveigled guest of sufficient importance at some point on the Veronica (now Melchor Ocampo) where town and country met. Said wagon, having no license, could not be allowed to venture farther. Some blocks beyond the Veronica, reached by ten or fifteen minutes of walking, one could take a street car to the "center", and so we did. But if accompanied by girls, for pecuniary considerations all walked. Just plain walking was the usual and really enjoyable means for getting about.

Then came the days of affluence and the Ford. Remember, automobiles of any make were counted in those

days in Mexico City, and traffic laws grew up with the driving. A team of mules once contended for right of way and could only be stopped, perforce, when the tongue of the wagon struck the body of the Ford.

More easily counted than the autos were the women who drove. This driver's picture appeared in the papers as the first woman to drive in Mexico — wrongly so, for Miss Temple had been driving for some years about the outskirts.

This dearth of women drivers made for easy driving in those days. Let no man smile. I refer to the gallantry of Mexican policemen. I do not say, of traffic agents, for like the women who drove, they were almost non-existent, another fact that contributed to the simplicity of driving. More than once, instead of arousing ire by my ignorance, I received a courteous indication, being addressed often as "niña", "niñita" (little girl). This seemed marked gallantry to me since it was addressed to a woman well along in her thirties.

Traffic agents had ,finally, to come into evidence. Nevertheless, when my driving was called into question by a newly arrived officer, there was not wanting a friendly cop to say, "I assure you that this lady is a good driver; I have watched her drive for many months." One of the few who had been on the Paseo always tipped his hat to me as I went by.

There came a time when traffic lines were boldly painted and this driver unfortunately halted beyond the line. Approaches an indignant officer, gruffly demanding if the lines are not visible. Perceiving to his utter astonishment, that the dark blue suit and the gray felt hat are not worn by a man, he stammers, "pues, señorita", touches his hat, and withdraws. Turning into the face of traffic in the zocalo itself did get me a ticket but the sympathetic policeman advised, "Just tell them that you did it in a moment of distraction." That simple statement of fact avoided a fine. This friendliness that was natural with but one or two women driving led to an easy

CHASING BEES, September 19, 1922.

way with policemen that was never quite cast off. One went on to explain just how things happened and more often than not the offense was pardoned.

There was that interesting experience of the bees that went to Chapultepec. The farm men had been scolded for letting a hive get away; so, failing to get the swarm to settle, they followed till they saw them lodged in a tall tree in the Park. One man returned to account for the bees. He went again with a hive and rope, and came back later saying that

Pedro was watching them and that if I would take the car we could bring them back in the cool of the evening.

However, the colorful, patrol who guarded that edge of the Park did not agree. Home came Pedro, perspiring and breathless, to say that the "guard of the woods" desired me to take the bees and go to police headquarters. And that guard was not to be talked out of the idea, although he must go along to present his prisoners. It was almost certain that someone would get stung. The cavalcade arrived duly at headquarters at the back of the Park near Molino del Rey. Officials there reasonably agreed that we were right in securing our bees but advised that on another occasion a permit should be secured. I have never felt quite clear about whether the permit was to allow the bees to enter the Park or their owners to hive them.

On the way out of the Park a stolling photographer with an eye to business asked to take a picture. Our accompanying guard liked the idea and obligingly seated himself on the running board, thereby adding color to the only existing picture of the first Ford.

In an institution life inevitably grows more complicated as there come enlargement and progress. A new building was ready to be dedicated; the last details must be discussed with the speaker of the evening. Returning eagerly from that conference, I waited for a street car to turn before making the turn myself. The Ford was too far advanced; the street car struck it in such a way as to flatten a tire. The motorman secured my statement that I claimed no damage and returned to his car to find that his electric coils had been burned out.

Then things began to happen: street cars in front and behind began to pile up; the tire was being mended. I telephoned the school that I had a flat tire and would be late. A traffic agent gave me a fine of ten pesos; an adjustor for the street company arrived and made a claim for fifty pesos

of damages. Fortunately I knew the president of the company. A telephone call to him and the promise to appear within a fortnight secured my release. With commencenment and the dedication well over, I went humbly to plead my case. The fifty pesos were pardoned, but I was reminded that the company had lost the use of some ten street cars for a couple of hours that morning.

As the city grew and traffic accordingly, it was impossible to find friendly policemen on accustomed corners. Besides, school duties carried one in the Ford far beyond those corners. And traffic regulations were constantly changing. Streets that were two-way streets suddenly became one-way-only. One Saturday morning early I committed some blunder. I can't be sure now what it was. At auy rate, I was to be fined. All right, I would take the ticket. But the traffic cop had used up his pad and would have to secure blanks from a fellow policeman. But both were in a like plight. I explained that I needed to see a seamstress at once about some uniforms but would come back. Thinking I detected a doubt about my return, I urged him to go with me since it was but a matter of a few blocks. He did so and waited while I made arrangements with the dressmaker, but when we returned to his intersection his companion had not yet been able to secure the necessary pads. Saturday morning and urgent duties! I begged so insistently that finally he was convinced he should detain me no longer and allowed me to go on my way.

Policemen were very understanding as a rule. Instead of imposing a twenty peso fine for not carrying my license, one once let me go home and get mine and take it back to him. It is not beside the point to add, although to some it may seem like boasting, that once when I had lost my license, I drove for two months without ever being asked to show it.

No limit was set for the length of this article, but this magazine itself would not contain the tales that might be

written, for in addition to the things that happened, are the stories that friends made up to tell. I don't intend to add to the tales by driving in the United States. I could. Drive, I mean. But why should I drive even if I could secure a car? Travel by train or bus I find to be truly wonderful, and for getting about town — I never feel so genteel as when walking.

Honoring her Parents

One of the projects which Miss Ethel Thomas planned and financed just before leaving the field on retirement furlough was the construction of a new wing for the "Laura Temple" School, the third floor of which is a roomy, sunny home for teachers of the school. At a small social gathering the last of November 1950 Miss Thomas modestly let it be known that the teachers' home was a memorial to her parents.

These parents, Michael Corwin Thomas and Alma Jane Livengood,, were true pioneers, taking their young family to a Kansas homestead. Their only social security was hard work and faith in God. "During the first years the father taught seven month terms of school to help with the living at that simple farmhouse," while the mother "worked marvels in homemaking, having always her garden of vegetables that

contributed largely to both summer and winter living, as well as her flowers to brighten life on those not unfriendly plains."

For crop failures and reverses there were no material antidotes but "Better luck next time" voiced their unfailing hope, and the terse advice "Have a little gumption" or "Keep a stiff upper lip" conquered defeatism. Meanwhile Mr. Thomas was often heard singing at his work, "Come Thout Fount of every blessing," and the mother faced her household problems with her favorite hymn on her lips:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice

On thee, my Saviour and my God!"

The recurring lines,

"He taught me how to watch and pray,

And live rejoicing every day"

revealed her secret source of strenght.

Those were hard years for the parents, but they managed so wisely with their children that "there comes no recollection of hardship but of happy working together and living with simple pleasures, none more thrilling, perhaps, than the arrival of the YOUTHS' COMPANION, brought weekly from the town eight miles away." Every child of the seven had the opportunity for an education, working for it, to be sure.

Naturally, such parents were willing to give a beloved daughter for missionary work. "One day I heard my tender hearted mother say bravely upon my return to Mexico: 'Tell them, Ethel, that I am glad to send you back.' And my father came to spend some months of delighted sharing of life in Mexico."

Miss Thomas has felt that whatever effectiveness she had as a missionary was due to parents who had bravely spared her

to the work and actively shared in it. There is left now, in memory of that godly father and mother, a home for teachers who, through the years to come, will work in the school that was founded in 1910 and goes on steadily to larger activity.

Methodism in Mexico is deeply grateful to Miss Thomas for this final achievement with which she has put the capstone on the structure of genuine Christian service which she rendered during a ministry of thirty years in Mexico.

The Conversion of a Family

Jonás Gómez

In 1924 I was named as pastor of the Methodist Church in the village of Rosales in the State of Coahuila. There with the help of my wife, I began to do evangelistic work. To many friends in that place I gave copies of the beautiful book, THE WAY TO GOD by Moody. Those who read it found it very instructive, and thus I was able to continue to talk to them about our Savior.

One of these books was given to a man named M —, a blacksmith. He read it carefully. Later, when I saw him the second time, he courteously asked me to explain to him this Way to God. His interest was such that at the end of three months of talking to him about God he accepted Christ as His Savior, He was converted, baptized, and received as a member of our church.

The blessing of God extended to his whole family, for his wife, his son and daughter-in-law, and the grandchildren were also baptized and accepted Christ. They left their images, took off their scapularies and charms, and began a new life, faithfully helping in the spreading of the Gospel.

Brother M's son became prominent in church activities. The two women of the family attended the women's meetings constantly. They did not know how to read, but with the desire of knowing God, they learned to read by means of the Bible.

As a personal testimony, I wish to say that this valuable book which I distributed in that village, by the grace of God, helped me to win the 130 people who at last formed the church in that place, a village where people worship a famous image called "The Child of Peyotes." This group of believers built an edifice where they still worship the God who saved them.

WAYSIDE WITNESSING

Bus drivers in Mexico decorate their vehicles, above the instrument board, with tiny mascots, personal mementoes, pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe and "sacred hearts." But the other day we discovered something different. This bus displayed three Bible verses: "God is Love" was lettered on a small neon light, flanked by the Golden Rule on one side and, on the other, "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

As we got off the bus we were able to give the witnessing driver a word of appreciation, for which he thanked us.

My Old Home Town

Alfonso Amaya G.

When I go back to my old town and view it from the surrounding hills, its houses gleam white against the dark green of the mountains. Slowly an invisible change comes over me and I return to the life of forty or fifty years ago, the life of my childhood and youth.

Upon reaching the village, the first thing I find is the Evangelical Chapel, once radiant but now half deserted. But even so it is the tiny "light unto all that are in the house," as Christ our Lord said. I read the sign outside, "Church of the Divine Savior", and am assured that, while this glorious Name is proclaimed, in the Chapel or outside of it, there is still hope for the redemption of my old town which as yet is rebellious toward things of the Spirit.

Once I enter the village, everything, like magic, drops back into those distant times. Casually I greet the people I pass on the street but almost without seeing them, for my whole being is absorbed with the life of long ago.

As I go by the jail I visit with its inmates who are sitting comfortably outside the street entrance. In years gone by this was the residence of relatives, a Christian home which at that time I did not properly appreciate. Again I seem to hear the voice of my beloved aunt saying. "Nephew, Christ is our Lord. You will become a Christian, my nephew."

Now I aproach the ancient town hall and, in retrospect, see its public servants, all of them courteous, dignified, refined in speech and dress. Here are the two plazas, one with its modest garden and the statue of the meritorious Juarez. I am a boy again, surrounded by friends, all of us young, talking and laughing without a care, happy in our ignorance of life, for were we not protected by the love of our parents? And there were the girls, too, modest, artless, innocent of sensuality.

Here stands the parochial church, ancient but many times rejuvenated. There I was baptized as an infant unawares; years afterwards in full awareness I was rebaptized in a beloved Evangelical Church elsewhere. I gaze upon this old sanctuary without bitterness yet withou affection; it taught me nothing to lift my spirit or leave a helpful memory.

Soon I find myself before the last house we lived in, since remodeled but in memory just as it was originally with its old stone paving and the big gate through which our productive cows were driven. In imagination I see my family at their daily tasks: my father in the orchard I helped him to irrigate; my dear mother gathering her children about the cheery fireplace with its crakling flames; again, all of us are chatting gaily in our room with my little sisters playing near us. This house was destroyed by vandalism, and we left it, never to return.

Our venerated school building still stands, and I fancy I see the tall teacher with those penetrating eyes which looked right through us and left us awed. How I remember his noble wife!

Next I stroll alon the main street, recalling how my family walked over its packed and trampled earth which I love. It is lined with low, white washed houses whose appearance never changes; doubtless they will be just the same to the end of time. Acacias, lilacs, and poplars border the

river where we waded. Just now it flows gently, but how august and majestic is looked to me during the rainy season!

Through this plaza my little son once walked, opening wide his observing eyes to become acquainted with his father's home town. In this house, in that one over there, and in one farther down the street my brothers and sisters and I were born; hence our affection for these places.

I can still see my pensive grandfather going toward the church, he who was so jolly and such a splendid horseman; and my affectionate grandmother once walked these streets. Nor shall I forget my kindly uncle and aunt who were so fond of books that they read everything, and remembered it, too.

As I leave my village there goes with me a procession of gratifying memories. Yonder in the distance stand the tombs of my grandparents and relatives. Again I pass the Evangelical Chapel and pause to read the name on the grave of my beloved son. I look once more at the sublime Name over the chapel door, "The Divine Savior", He who gave His precious life for you and for me. The past recedes and I breathe the prayer, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

The village fades from view and I go on my way singing of Heaven.

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

From *SENDA VICTORIOSA.*

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.

—William Penn

Architect of Puebla Methodist Church Called To His Reward

From Detroit, John Cooke Chapman, the beloved husband of the sister of Mrs. J P Hauser, Madge Corwin Chapman, entered his Heavenly Home on February 16, 1951.

Mr. Chapman will never be forgotten by the Methodist Church of Mexico because it was he who answered the call of Dr. and Mrs. J P Hauser to design the new church for Puebla after the first one was destroyed by fire in 1922. Mr. Rafael Ibañez of Puebla executed the plans and the beautiful church now stands as a living monument to Mr. Chapman's outstanding Christian spirit and character.

He loved his Lord and served Him faithfully to the end. Mrs. Hauser reports that a friend of his was recalling the years when he and Mr. Chapman worked together on the finance committee of the church and how one night, after a particularly stormy session, Mr. Chapman leaned back in his chair and exclaimed, "Praise God salvation is FREE!"

MEXICO extends to Mrs. J. C. Chapman and to our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Hauser, our deepest sympathy and our prayers in their separation from one so deeply loved and appreciated.

"....What I do thou knowest not now ;but thou shalt know hereafter." John 13:7.

— G. A.

FIELD NOTES

Monterrey

Before Christmas, Miss E. Mae Young, Secretary of Missionary Education for Children, from the Nashville office, visited the Social Center, on a picture-taking trip.

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In January, Miss Elizabeth M. Lee and Dr. and Mrs. James E. Ellis, executive secretaries of the Latin American area, Board of Missions, spent a few days in Monterrey, surveying the work of the Methodist Church.

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In February Mrs. C. A. Meeker, editor of the METHODIST WOMAN was entertained during her tour of the mission stations in Mexico.

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Miss Helen M. Hodgson and Miss Pauline Willingham were in Mexico City in January to attend the Council of Cooperation meetings. In March Miss Hodgson returned to Mexico City for a committee meeting.

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The English-speaking Union Church (truly ecumenical) in Monterrey had a three-day teacher training institute for children's workers under the direction of Mrs. Drew Wolcott, wife of the pastor. Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, of the staff of the Social Center, gave a demonstration lesson.

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The Union Church also had a series of pre-Easter services, with mid-day prayer service daily, and preaching in the evenings. The guest preacher was Dr. C. B. French, missionary to France, who had been a guest at the Social Center, with his secretary, Mr. Yves LeGoff, formerly of Paris.

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Our Methodist church in Monterrey is happy to have Miss Dora Z. Schmidt back again after her furlough. Her many friends will be glad to know that she has recuperated from her serious automobile accident. She directs the Girls' Hostel.

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The Methodist Church had special Passion Week services, early morning, and evening; and a beautiful concert on Easter morning, directed by Miss Ruth Lilia Aranda.

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The Junior Church School Class of the Union Church gave an Easter Egg Hunt for the Christian Education Class Miss Willingham conducts in the village of Las Margaritas. The children of this class have neither a public school nor a church.

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The Wesleyan Service Guild of Monterrey entertained the Guild from McAllen, Texas, on April 22. Our Guild was entertained by them last Easter in a series of beautifully planned affairs.

In February THE METHODIST WOMAN agreeably came to life for us in the person of its editor, Mrs. C. A. Meeker who was making a circle trip through Mexico.

Miss Elsie Shepherd, who has been seriously ill for some time, is somewhat better. She is in the American British Hospital. We are grateful to the friends who continue to pray for her.

SIGNIFICANT ANNIVERSARY

On March 21, the 145th anniversary of the birth of Mexico's great liberal hero, Benito Juárez, Evangelicals gathered at the beautiful semicircular marble monument erected in his honor on the Avenue which bears his name.

Dr. Eleazar Guerra was the first speaker on the program. His words exalted Christ and the Gospel. The magazine TIEMPO quotes this excerpt of his speech:

> Now that the dark clouds of a new conflict shadow the world, the declaration of Juarez acquires increased glory: RESPECT FOR THE RIGHTS OS OTHERS MEANS PEACE, Benito Juárez bequeathed us a precious right — that of liberty of conscience.

The same press report estimates that 15,000 Protestants attended the meeting. The crowd obliged the police to reroute passing vehicles. Evangelicals had done something big enough to stop the traffic!

México, D. F.:

Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Davis, Apdo. 117 Bis
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Groves, Apdo. 117 Bis
Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Kellogg, Apdo. 117 Bis
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Matzigkeit, Apdo. 117 Bis
Miss Gertrude Arbogast, Humboldt 39 — 22, Zona 1
Miss Dora L. Ingrum, Apdo. 117 Bis
Miss Orlene McKimmey, Mariano Escobedo 291, Zona 5
Miss Mary N. Pearson, Sadi Carnot 73, Zona 4
Miss Elsie Shepherd, Apdo. 115 Bis
Miss Ruth V. Warner, Humboldt 39 — 22, Zona 1

Monterrey, N. L.:

Miss Ruth Byerley, Centro Mac Donell, Durango, Dgo.
Miss Anabelle Dyck, Apdo. 446
Miss Helen M. Hodgson, Apdo. 446
Miss Dora Schmidt, Washington 208 Oriente
Miss Pauline Willingham, Apdo. 446

Puebla, Pue.:

Miss Bertha Baker, Apdo. 157
Miss Ola Eugene Callahan, Apdo. 157
Miss Clara A. Gibson, Apdo. 157

WRITERS NOT OTHERWISE IDENTIFIED

Miss Ethel Thomas, W. D. C. S. missionary, now on retirement furlough. Address: Lebo, Kansas.

Miss Marina Gómez C., principal, Laura Temple School, Mexico, D. F.

Rev. Alfonso Amaya, pastor, Border Conference.

Rev. Jonás Gómez, pastor, Central Conference.

Rev. Roland Zapata Olivares, Superintendent of Northern District of Central Conference, and editor of EL EVANGELISTA MEXICANO.